THE PHILADELPHIA MINERVA.

—UTILE DULCI.—

Vol. III. *Saturday, June 3, 1797.* No. 122.

Hiſtory of Miſs MARIA WITTON *and Sir* WILLIAM STROTHER.

Continued.

"YOU have no reaſon, my ſweet girl," ſaid Sir William, "to be ſo much diſconcerted at my having your letter to Lucy in my poſſeſſion, but I"——continued he, drawing it from his pocket, and giving it to her, "have many apologies to make for having impertinently devoured the contents of it; but indeed, Maria, I was puſhed on by an irreſiſtable curioſity: I have long wiſhed to know the ſentiments of your heart concerning me; earneſtly wiſhed to find them in my favour, that I might be induced to declare my own feelings on your account. Happily I am now encouraged to inform you, that the felicity of my future life depends upon your ſmiles, and that it is certainly in your power to make me the happieſt, or moſt wretched of men. I deſerve correction it is true, for having gratified my curioſity in a clandeſtine manner; but I hope I have ſaid enough to atone for ſo unfair a proceeding, and, on my knees, moſt fervently implore your pardon for it."

"Riſe, Sir William," ſaid Maria innocently ſmiling, "and be as happy as you wiſh to be. If it is in my power to make you happy, you never ſhall be otherwiſe."

While he was pouring out his warm acknowledgements to her, Mr. and Mrs. Witton appeared advancing towards them. Sir William immediately leading Maria to her mother, ſaid, "you have abſolutely the beſt daughter in the world, madam." He then pulling Mr. Witton by the ſleeve, intreated him to ſtep aſide with him for a few minutes, while the ladies returned to the houſe.

Mr. Witton readily accompanied his agreeable gueſt, and Sir William gave his hoſpitable entertainer no ſmall pleaſure by the diſcovery of a ſecret which had been almoſt from the day of his coming to the caſtle buried in his breaſt: for ſoon after his arrival was he charmed with Maria's perſon and converſation, and every ſubſequent day had ſtrengthened his attachment to her. He alſo frankly confeſſed to the father of his Maria, how he had availed himſelf of her forgetfulneſs; and by the honeſty of his confeſſion raiſed himſelf in that father's eyes.

When the treaty of marriage between Sir William Strother and Miſs Witton was declared, it occaſioned a prodigious commotion in the neighbourhood among the females, who viſited the latter, and who had ſet their caps at the former—but the lady moſt mortified upon the occaſion, was a Miſs Jenyngs, who lived with an old aunt about a mile off, and who had, by the help of a ſtrong fancy, flattered herſelf that Sir William was actually enamoured with her, though he only behaved to her with common politeneſs. Self-flattery is of a very intoxicating nature, and half the diſquietudes in the female world are, perhaps, owing to its deluſions. Bab Jenyings was a *viſionaire* of this kind in the higheſt form.

Ambition is in many, probably in moſt women, the ruling paſſion: the predominant one in Miſs Jenyngs was love. Had ſhe been under the influence of the firſt, ſhe certainly would have encouraged the addreſſes of Lord Myrtle, whoſe eſtate joined to that of her aunt's little territories, and who, in the lover's language, was dying for her: as ſhe was under the dominion of the laſt, ſhe treated him with the coldeſt neglect, with the moſt chilling indifference.

As Bab and Maria were upon a very intimate footing they were often together; and as Lord Myrtle and Sir William were extremely well acquainted, they were all frequently engaged in parties of pleaſure.

Bab having believed from Sir William's polite attentions to her whenever ſhe fell in his way, that his paſſion for her was not leſs ardent than hers for him (ſo cruelly had love played on her imagination) was equally aſtoniſhed, provoked, and afflicted, when the intelligence concerning his union with her friend reached her ears. In the firſt moments of her fury, ſhe appeared more like a woman bereft of her ſenſes than a rational creature——With quick and irregular ſteps ſhe walked up and down the room, ſtamped, raved, and breathed nothing but revenge. In vain did her ſenſible, mild, philoſophic aunt, endeavour to reaſon her into a calm——The tempeſt in her mind grew more violent, the more it was oppoſed.

"You have certainly been miſtaken, my dear," ſaid Mrs. Dormer, with her uſual ſerenity, "with regard to Sir William's carriage——You have reckoned too much upon his politeneſs; you thought him particular."

"So he was, madam," replied Bab, ſtopping ſuddenly in the middle of the room, "and he is a villian for baſely carrying on an intrigue with that bluſhing country girl, who has ſeen nothing of the world, after having given me ſufficient encouragement to imagine that I was the goddeſs of his idolatry. But I will be even with him—I will prevent his marrying Maria, or periſh in the attempt."

As Bab was of a romantic turn, and rather theatrical in her deportment, ſhe could not help expreſſing herſelf ſomewhat heroically in a ſituation of which ſhe only who has felt the cutting "pangs of deſpiſed love" can have an adequate idea.

Mrs. Dormer attempted to diſſuade her from the execution of her deſign, with a vehemence which ſhe never diſcovered but upon very ſingular occaſions. "You will only expoſe yourſelf, my dear Bab," continued ſhe, "by taking any meaſures to interrupt the joyful preparations at the caſtle—If Sir William had preferred you to Miſs Witton for a wife, he would not, you may be aſſured, have fixed upon her for Lady Strother."

Bab, finding that her aunt greatly diſapproved her intentions, and fearing that ſhe might, from the ſincere regard ſhe had for Maria, fruſtrate her ſchemes, by putting the objects of her reſentment on their guard, had recourſe to fineſſe; and altered her behaviour in ſo dexterous a manner, that Mrs. Dormer really thought her prudent admonitions had made the wiſhed for impreſſion on her.

From that time ſhe affected to give up Sir William as a man entirely beneath her notice, who was quite tranſported to ſee, at laſt, her heart, ſoftened in his favour. Having told his Lordſhip one day between jeſt and earneſt, that ſhe ſhould raſtly like a maſked ball, he immediately ordered the neceſſary arrangements to be made, and ſent cards of invitation to all his friends in that part of the country: the Witton family, and Sir William, were conſequently among the invited.

(To be concluded in our next)

GLORIOUS MAGNANIMITY OF A PEASANT.

AT an inundation of the Adige, the bridge of Verona was carried away, one arch after another, the middle one only remaining, on it ſtood a houſe, and the whole family in it, ſtretching out their arms, and imploring aſſiſtance. In the mean time the force of the torrent was ſeen gradually weakening the pillars of the arch. Count Spolverini, affected with this ſcene of diſtreſs, offered a purſe of one hundred louis d'ors to any one who would go in a boat and bring away theſe poor creatures. Here was a double danger, the being carried away by the rapidity of the river, or the arch tumbling down when the boat ſhould get under the houſe. Amidſt the innumerable concourſe of people, not one offered to make the attempt, though the reward was ſo conſiderable. A countryman happening to come by juſt at the time, and hearing of the enterpriſe propoſed, and the reward, he ſteps into a boat, and by dexterity and ſtrength, gains the middle of the river; then laying the boat under the houſe cloſe to the arch, ſtaid till all the family, old and young, ſliding down a rope, were got into the boat. 'Now' ſaid he 'cheer up, you are ſafe.' Then betaking himſelf to his oars again, he ſtems the force of the current, and gets to ſhore. Count Spolverini going up to him, ſaid, 'Thou art a brave, worthy man, and here is the purſe for thee.' The countryman made anſwer, 'No ſir; I don't ſell my life; my labour provides for me, my wife and children, rather, if you pleaſe, give it to this poor family, who want it more than I do.'

A Pleaſant Story of a Dutch Burgomaſter.

IN the reign of king James II. an eminent Burgomaſter, having with great grief, obſerved the degeneracy, which began to ſhew itſelf among the Dutch, and the exceſſes which were the iſſue of wealth and idleneſs, took this method to ſhew them their folly and danger.

He invited the whole magiſtracy (conſiſting of thirty-ſix perſons) and ladies to a dinner, which they did not doubt both for delicacy and variety, would be worthy of him and them. But how great was their diſappointment when, they ſaw the firſt courſe on the table, conſiſting of apples boiled in butter-milk, ſtock-fiſh, with turnips and carrots, red herrings, a lettice-ſallad, and for drink, ſmall beer. The hoſt invited his gueſts to fall to; the ladies pleaded want of appetite, the men looked like the young prophets, when they called out, that death was in the pot; and till the table was cleared, ſcarce a word was ſpoke. But then appeared under every plate a ſcroll of verſes, intimating, that ſuch was the fare of their fore-fathers, when their city firſt began to thrive, and the ſtates of have a name among the nations.

The ſecond courſe was ſerved up, which conſiſted of butcher's meat of every ſort, roaſted and boiled; but undiſguiſed with the arts of cookery, and without any other ſauce, than what a good ſtomach was to ſupply.——Engliſh beer and French wine, was added to the ſide-board. When the table was cleared a ſecond time, appeared another chain of verſes, which informed them, that with regard to the wants of nature, theſe were luxurious, that it was the office of reaſon to regulate both the taſte and appetite, and by living thus, they would leave both their wealth and temperance to their heirs, who being uſed to ſuch examples, would bluſh to be thought degenerate by their children.

The table was again ſpread with all ſorts of fiſh and fowl, wild and tame, exquiſitely dreſſed, and reliſhed with the moſt poignant ſauces, ſerved in plate, and wines of the fineſt growth of the Rhine, Moſelle, Champagne and Burgundy; and followed with a memorial, importing, that all beyond nouriſhment was luxury, and all beyond decency was extravagance: that intemperance had a ſmiling aſpect, but dreadful retinue, conſiſting of the whole aſſemblage of diſeaſes, that death had been their cook, and had infuſed a ſlow poiſon in every ſauce.

This ſeemed to ſtrike a momentary damp on their ſpirits, which was ſoon forgot on the appearance of a magnificent deſert, to which Europe and both the Indies had contributed, followed by the wine of Tokay, and the water of Barbadoes, and every other delicacy that wealth, without bounds, could purchaſe.

Again the hand-writing denounced, that luxury is to proſperity, what a plague is to health, equally contagious and deſtructive; that it is a diſeaſe of which the moſt flouriſhing ſtates have died; that when it is become epidemical, in a country like theirs, depending on commerce, a diſſolution muſt inevitably follow: in conſequence of which, the rich and renowned city of Amſterdam, would again be reduced to a fiſhing village, and their poſterity become as poor as their anceſtors were, without their continuance in induſtry, virtue and ſobriety.

FROM THE LATIN.

A haughty courtier, meeting in the ſtreets
A ſcholar, him thus inſolently greets:
Baſe men to take the wall I ne'er permit;
The ſcholar ſaid, I do—and gave him it.

INTERESTING HISTORY OF
THE BARON DE LOVZINSKI.
Continued.

WE then paſs the Deſna above Czernicove*; and following the banks of the Sula, we croſs that river at Perevoloczna, where we learn that Pulaſki, who had been traced to Novogorod, had eſcaped as it were by miracle, and that the Ruſſian ſoldiers, indefatigable in their purſuit, were ſtill ſearching after him, and were in hopes of making him priſoner.

It was now again become neceſſary to fly once more, and once more to change our route; we therefore inſtantly made for the immenſe foreſts which cover the face of the country between the Sula and the Zem, in the dark retreats of which we hoped to find ſhelter from our foes.

We at length diſcover a cavern, in which we were reduced to the neceſſity of taking up our abode. A ſhe-bear diſputes with us the entrance into this aſylum equally ſolitary and frightful: we aſſail, we kill her, and devour her young.

Pulaſki was wounded in this encounter: Lodoiſka, worn out with fatigue and diſtreſs, was ſcarcely able to ſupport her exiſtence: the winter was approaching, and the cold was already exceſſive.

Purſued by the Ruſſians in the inhabited parts; menaced by wild and ferocious animals in this vaſt deſart; deſtitute of any arms but our ſwords; reduced in a ſhort time to eat our very horſes; what was to become of us?

The danger of the ſituation to which my father-in-law and my wife were reduced, had become ſo preſſing, that no other fear any longer alarmed me. My perſonal ſafety, hitherto ſo dear to me, did not now ſuggeſt itſelf once to my mind: I felt only for theirs. I reſolved, therefore, to procure to them at any rate thoſe ſuccours which their ſituation required, which was ſtill more deplorable than my own; and leaving them both with the promiſe of rejoining them in a ſhort time, I take a few of the diamonds belonging to Lodoiſka, and follow the ſtream of the Warſklo.

It is well known that a traveller, bewildered amidſt thoſe vaſt countries, and reduced to the neceſſity of wandering about without a compaſs, and without a guide, is obliged to follow the courſe of a river, becauſe it is upon its banks that the habitations of mankind are moſt commonly to be met with.

It was neceſſary that I ſhould gain, as ſoon as poſſible, ſome conſiderable town in which a few merchants reſided: I therefore journeyed along the banks of the Warſklo, and travelling day and night, found myſelf at Pultava† at the end of four days. During my reſidence in this place, I paſs for a trader belonging to Bielgorod. I there learn that the Ruſſian troops were ſtill roaming about in purſuit of Pulaſki, and that the Empreſs had ſent and exact deſcription of his perſon every where, with orders to ſeize him either dead or alive, wherever he might be found.

I make haſte to ſell my diamonds, to purchaſe powder, arms, and proviſions of all kinds, different utenſils, and ſome coarſe and neceſſary furniture; every thing, in fine, which I judged moſt proper to relieve our miſery, and ſoften our misfortunes.—With theſe I load a waggon, drawn by four good horſes, of which I was the only conductor.

My return was equally tedious and difficult; no leſs than eight whole days expired before I arrived at the entrance of the foreſt.

It was there that, terminating my diſagreeable and dangerous journey, I was about to ſuccour my father-in-law and my wife; that I was about to reviſit all that was moſt dear to me in the world; and yet I felt none of thoſe tranſports of joy which ſuch an event ſeemed likely to inſpire.

Philoſophers have no belief in forbodeings.

Certain it is, however, that I experienced an involuntary uneaſineſs; my mind became diſpirited, diſmayed, and ſomething, I know not what, ſeemed to whiſper to me, that the moſt unhappy moment of my whole life was faſt approaching.

On my departure, I had placed ſeveral flint-ſtones at certain diſtances, on purpoſe to enable me to retrace my road; but I could not now diſcover them. I had alſo cut off with my ſabre large pieces of the bark of ſeveral trees, which I could not now perceive. I enter the foreſt, however: I hollow with all my ſtrength: I diſcharge my gun from time to time, but nobody anſwers me. I dared not truſt myſelf among the trees and ſhrubs for fear of loſing my way back again; neither could I wander too far from my waggon, which was ſtored with proviſions ſo neceſſary to Pulaſki, his daughter, and myſelf.

The night, which now approached, obliged me to give over my ſearch, and I paſs it in the ſame manner as the former. Rolled up in my cloak, I lay down beneath my waggon, which I had carefully ſurrounded with my larger moveables, and which thus ſerved me as a rampart againſt the wild beaſts.

I could not ſleep; the cold was extremely intenſe; the ſnow fell in great abundance; at break of day I looked around, and found all the ground covered with it. From that moment I formed the moſt horrible and the moſt ſiniſter preſages: the ſtones which might have pointed out the path I was to have taken, were all buried, and it appeared impoſſible I ſhould ever be able to diſcover my father-in-law and my wife.

Had the horſe, which I had left with them at my departure, afforded them ſufficient ſuſtenance ever ſince? Had not hunger, cruel hunger, obliged them to fly from their retreat? Were they ſtill concealed in thoſe frightful deſerts? If they were not there, where ſhould I be able to find them? Where, without them, ſhould I drag out my miſerable exiſtence?

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But could I believe that Pulaſki had abandoned his ſon-in-law? that Lodoiſka had conſented to ſeparate herſelf from her huſband? No—un-

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* *Czernicove, or Czernikou, is a conſiderable town, and is the capital of the duchy of the ſame name. It is ſituate on the river Deſna, 75 miles north-eaſt of Kiow. T.*

† *Pultoway, Pultowa, or Pultava, is a fortified town in the Ukraine, famous for a battle fought in its neighbourhood between Charles XII. of Sweden and Peter the Great of Ruſſia. It is 100 miles ſouth-weſt of Bielgorod from which Lovzinſki pretended to have come on purpoſe to purchaſe merchandize, &c.*

doubtedly not. They were ſtill confined within the circle of this frightful ſolitude; and if I abandoned them, they muſt die with famine and cold!

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Theſe deſperate reflexions at length determined my conduct, and I no longer examined whether or not, in removing at a diſtance from my waggon, I was in danger of never finding it again. To carry ſome proviſions to my father-in-law and wife, to ſuccour Pulaſki and Lodoiſka—theſe were now the only ſentiments that occupied my mind.

I accordingly ſeize my fowling-piece, take ſome powder and ſhot, and load one of my horſes with neceſſaries: I pierce into the woods much farther than during the former evening: I again hollow with all my ſtrength; I again make frequent diſcharges with my gun. The moſt melancholy ſilence reigned all around me.

I now find myſelf in a part of the foreſt where the trees were ſo extremely thick, that there was no longer any paſſage for my horſe: I, therefore, tie him to a tree, and my deſpair getting the better of every other conſideration, I ſtill continue to advance with my gun, and part of my proviſions. I had now wandered about for two hours more, my inquietude forcing me every moment to redouble my pace, when at length I perceive human footſteps imprinted on the ſnow.

(To be continued.)

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THE FORCE OF IMAGINATION.

A young man troubled with melancholy, had a ſtrong imagination that he was dead, and did not only abſtain from meat and drink, but importuned his parents that he might be carried into his grave, and buried before he was quite putrified. By the council of phyſicians he was wrapped in a winding-ſheet, laid upon a beir, and ſo carried upon men's ſhoulders towards the church: but upon the way, two or three pleaſant fellows (appointed for that purpoſe) meeting the hearſe, demanded aloud of them that followed it, whoſe body it was that was there coffined, and carried to burial? they ſaid it was a young man's, and told them his name: "Surely, (replied one of them) the world is well rid of him, for he was a man of a very bad and vicious life, and his friends have cauſe to rejoice that he hath rather ended his days thus, than at the gallows." The young man hearing this, and vexed to be thus injured, roſe himſelf upon the bier, and told them that they were wicked men to do him that wrong which he had never deſerved; that if he was alive, he would teach them to ſpeak better of the dead. But they proceeding to depreciate him, and to give him much more diſgraceful and reproachful language; he, not able longer to endure it, leaped from the hearſe: and fell about their ears with ſuch rage and fury, and ceaſed not buffeting with them till he was quite wearied. And by this violent agitation the humours of his body altered; he awakened, as out of a ſleep or trance, and being brought home, and comforted with wholeſome diet, he within a few days recovered his health, ſtrength, and underſtanding.

OMINOUS IMPULSE.

DOCTER Meggs, a phyſician of conſiderable practice at Portſmouth, had occaſion to attend a family in the iſle of White in April 1787. Being detained till a late hour, he took a bed in the houſe; but after tumbling for ſome hours he roſe, and rung up the ſervants. He told them he had tried in vain to ſleep, but his imagination was haunted with the idea that his wife and child was murdered. No perſuaſions could prevail on him to ſtay—He ſet off—It was a blowing night, and it was with difficulty that he could perſuade the boatman to take him over. He however, arrived ſafe at his own houſe, and knocked at his door. His wife opened it—He eagerly enquired if all was well—if the child was ſafe—and why ſHE had opened the door herſelf? She ſaid, the child was perfectly well; and ſhe had opened the door becauſe the ſervants would not come—they had behaved very impertinently to her. He called one of them, and queſtioned her as to her conduct. She gave him ſome pert anſwers; but at length, falling on her knees, ſhe ſaid, that he had come home providentially, for that ſhe and her fellow ſervant had reſolved to murder their miſtreſs and child, that they might plunder the houſe. The other ſervant made the ſame confeſſion in the morning, upon oath, before a magiſtrate.

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THE MORALIST.

COULD you draw back the covering of the tomb! Could we ſee what thoſe are now, who once were mortal, Oh! How would it ſurpriſe and grieve us, to behold the prodigious tranſformation that has taken place on every individual; grieve us to obſerve the diſhonour done to our nature in general, within theſe ſubterraneous lodgments! Here, the ſweet and wining aſpect, that wore perpetually an attracting ſmile, grins horribly a naked——ghaſtly ſkull.——The eye that outſhone the diamond's luſtre, and glancing her lovely lightning into the moſt guarded heart: alas! Where is it? Where ſhall we find the rolling ſparkler? How are all thoſe radiant glories totally—totally eclipſed! The tongue that once commanded all the charms of harmony, and all the powers of eloquence, in this ſtrange lad "Has forgot its cunning." Where are now thoſe ſtrains of melody, which raviſhed our ears? Where is that flow of perſuaſion, which carried captive our judgments? The great maſter of language and of ſong, is become ſilent as the night that ſurrounds him.

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LEVITIES.

AT a late celebration of the marriages of two gentlemen, the company being large, reſpectable, and perſons of conſiderable influence, a motion was made, and unanimouſly voted, That all Bachelors of the age of thirty, and upwards, ſhould annually make an entertainment for the gentlemen of the place, unleſs prevented by intermediate marriage. What is very ſingular, a conſiderable part of the company were gentlemen of that deſcription, who were unanimous in the reſolution.

The next day a reſpectable company of ladies viſited the two brides, and it is ſaid, ſuch of them as were unmarried were highly pleaſed with the reſolution of the preceding day.

INSCRIPTION

FOR THE TOMB OF GENERAL WAYNE.

HERE LIES
Beneath this noble tent,
Fitting for nobler enterprize;
With nothing leſs than Heaven content:
Waiting (while ordered out again)
Till trumpets bid him riſe,
To join the armies of the ſkies.
IMMORTAL
GENERAL WAYNE,
Tho' here
At winter quarters,
His warlike corps remain,
Tho' Death, that monarch grim,
A priſoner made of him,
His gallant enterpriſing ſoul
Is on parole,
Viewing each heav'nly plain,
Where he
Muſt ſhortly be
With Indian Chiefs in Unity,
His next campaign.

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A Receipt to cure a Love-Fit.

TYE one end of a rope faſt over a beam,
And make a ſlip nooſe at the other extreme;
Then juſt underneath let a criket be ſet,
On which let the lover moſt manfully get;
Then over his head let the ſnecket be gor,
And under one ear be well ſettled the knot:
The criket kick'd down let him take a fair twing,
And leave all the reſt of the work to the ſtring.

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ON A HASTY MARRIAGE.

MARRY'D! 'tis well a mighty bleſſing!
But poor's the joy, no coin poſſeſſing.
In antient times, when folks did wed,
'Twas to be one at "board or bed:"
But hard's the caſe, who can't afford
His charmer either bed or board!

HYMENEAL COURT.

MARRIED.

—On Tueſday evening the 30th inſt. by the Rev. Thomas Uſtick, Mr. DAVID BRUCE, printer, of this city, to Miſs MARGARET GARDNER, of Schenectady.

—On Tueſday laſt the 30th inſt. by the Rev. Mr. Uſtick, Mr. SETH WILLIS merchant, of this city to Miſs MARGARET CRAWFORD.

JAMES MOLAN,
SURGEON DENTIST AND MAN-MIDWIFE,
No. 7 Prune ſtreet, or Shippen's Alley,

AFTER viſiting the principal iſlands in the Weſt-Indies, where he executed his Profeſſion, and was employed as a Surgeon, both in the Engliſh and French Hoſpitals, has returned to Philadelphia. He cleans, ſcales, and makes artificial Teeth; performs every operation in the human Mouth, extracts teeth and ſtumps with peculiar eaſe.

N B The poor may have his aſſiſtance gratis.
Jan. 21.

COURT OF APOLLO.

—***—

THE CHOICE.

IN rural ſcenes, in ſylvan ſhades,
Near purling brooks and ſilent glades,
Meand'ring ſtreams and flow'ry fields,
Where Nature all her fragrance yields.

There would I wiſh to ſpend my days,
And with the ſongſters of the grove,
Chaunt forth the GREAT CREATOR'S praiſe,
As o'er the dewy meads I rove.

Or traverſing the verdant lawn,
At humid morning's earlieſt dawn,
Would contemplate the landſcape o'er,
And the great ARCHITECT adore.

Or in a grotto art ne'er made,
While reſting underneath its ſhade,
Would pleas'd behold bright Phœbus riſe,
And take his ſtation in the ſkies.

While aromantic ſhrubs diſplay
Their ſweets beneath his brilliant ray,
And downy warblers ſoar aloft,
And hail the morn in accents ſoft;

I too would join the matin ſong,
While echo bore the ſtrains along,
And diſtant hills ſhould catch the ſound,
And balmy zephyrs waft it round.

The lambkins friſking o'er the plain,
The cultur'd fields well ſtor'd with grain,
The blooming meadows, freſh and gay,
With pleas'd delight I would ſurvey.

Far from the pomp of worldly glare,
Contented in my humble ſphere,
I'd envy not the rich and great,
Their glitt'ring gems or rooms of ſtate.

Economy ſhould grace my cot—
Ingratitude—I'd know it not;
But of the little I'd poſſeſs,
Would ſhare with virtue in diſtreſs.

RELIGION, ever blooming maid,
Through grace divine ſhould be my aid;
Should teach my thoughts to mount on high,
And ſmooth my journey to the ſky.

And when the eve of life drew on,
Nought to behold my ſetting ſun,
But conſcious of a life well ſpent,
To GOD reſign the breath he lent.

—

The affecting Hiſtory of LUCY MIRANDA.

IN the year 1759, Gabbot, governor of the fort of the Holy Ghoſt in Paraguay, having occaſion to embark for Spain, appointed Nunez de Lara to ſucceed him in his abſence, but left no more than one hundred and twenty men with a ſmall quantity of proviſions, in a place where the Spaniards had few certain friends, and an immenſe number of declared enemies.

Lara, on this ſide, ſeeing himſelf ſurrounded by nations, from whom he could expect no reſpect, but in proportion as he could demand it, thought the beſt thing he could do, would be to gain over thoſe neareſt to him, which were the Timbuez; and he ſucceeded pretty well in attempt. But his ſucceſs ſoon proved fatal to him, in a manner he little dream'd of. Mangora, cacique of the Timbuez, happening in one of the frequent viſits he paid Lara, to ſee Lucy Miranda, a Spaniſh lady, and wife of Sebaſtia Hurtado, one of the principal officers of the fort, became deeply enamoured with her. It was not long before ſhe percieved it; and, knowing what ſhe had to fear from a barbarian, with whom it was ſo much the commander's intereſt to live upon good terms, ſhe did all that lay in her power not to be ſeen any more by him, and to guard againſt any violence or ſurpriſe. Mangora, on his ſide, thinking, if he could but get her to his habitation, he might diſpoſe of her as he pleaſed, often invited Hurtado to come and ſee him, and bring his wife along with him. But Hurtado as often begged to be excuſed, alledging, that he could not abſent himſelf from the fort, without the commander's leave; and that he was ſure he ſhould never be able to obtain it.

Such an anſwer as this was enough to let the cacique ſee, that to ſucceed in his deſigns upon the wife, he muſt firſt get rid of the huſband. While he was therefore conſidering ways and means to do it, he got intelligence, that the huſband had been detached with another officer called Ruiz Moſchera, and fifty ſoldiers, to collect proviſions. Looking upon this therefore as a favourable opportunity, ſince it not only removed the huſband, but weakened the garriſon, by which the wife might expect to be protected, he poſted four thouſand picked men in a marſh in the neighbourhood of the fort, and ſet out for it, with thirty others loaded with refreſhments. On his arrival at the gates of it, he ſent word to Lara, that, hearing how much he was in want of proviſions, he was come with enough to ſerve him, till the return of the convoy. Lara received the cacique with the greateſt demonſtrations of gratitude, and inſiſted upon entertaining him and his followers. This was what Mangora had expected; and had accordingly given his men inſtructions how to behave, and had appointed ſignals for thoſe he had poſted in the marſh.

The entertainments began with a great deal of chearfulneſs on both ſides, and laſted till the night was far advanced; when the Spaniards riſing to break up, Mangora gave ſome of his attendants the ſignal for what he had beforehand directed; which was, to ſet fire to the magazines of the fort, as ſoon as the Spaniards would be retired. This was accordingly done without the Spaniards having the leaſt ſuſpicion of the matter. The officers were ſcarce compoſed to reſt, when moſt of them being alarmed by the ſoldiers crying out fire! fire! and jumping out of bed to extinguiſh it, the Indians ſeized the opportunity of diſpatching them, The reſt were killed in their ſleep; and the four thouſand men poſted in the marſh, having been let into the fort, it was immediately filled with ſlaughter and confuſion. The governor, though wounded, having eſpied the treacherous cacique, made up to him, and ran him through the body; but being more intent upon ſatisfying his revenge, than conſulting his ſafety, he continued ſo long venting his now uſeleſs fury on the dead body of the enemy, that the Indians had time to intercept his flight, and immediately diſpatched him.

There now remained no living ſoul in the fort, but the unfortunate Miranda, the innocent cauſe of ſo bloody a tragedy; four other women, and as many little children, who were all tied and brought before Siripa, the brother and ſucceſſor of the late cacique. This barbarian, at the ſight of Miranda, conceived the ſame paſſion for her, that had proved ſo fatal to his brother, and ordered her to be unbound, relinquiſhing to his attendants all the other priſoners. He then told her, ſhe muſt not conſider herſelf as a ſlave in his houſe; and that it would even be her own fault, if ſhe did not become the miſtreſs of it; and that he hoped ſhe had ſenſe enough to prefer to an indigent forlorn huſband, the head of a powerful nation, who would take pleaſure in ſubmitting to her, himſelf, and all his ſubjects. Miranda might well expect, that, by refuſing his offers ſhe ſhould expoſe herſelf, at beſt, to a perpetual and cruel ſlavery; but her virtue got the better of every other conſideration. She even gave Siripa the anſwer ſhe thought was moſt likely to exaſperate him, in hopes his love might change into fury, and a ſpeedy death put her innocence and honour beyond the reach of his brutal inclinations.

But in this ſhe was greatly miſtaken: her refuſals ſerved only to increaſe the eſteem Siripa had conceived for her, and heightened his paſſion, which he ſtill flattered himſelf he would be able to gratify. He continued, therefore, to treat her with a great deal of lenity, and even ſhewed her more civility and reſpect, than could be well expected from a barbarian. But this moderation and gentleneſs ſerved only to make her the more ſenſible of the danger ſhe was expoſed to. In the mean time, Hurtado, being returned with his convoy, was greatly ſurpriſed to find nothing but a heap of aſhes, where he had left Gabbot's tower. The firſt thing he did was to inquire what was become of his wife; and being informed that ſhe was with the cacique of Timbuez, he immediately ſet out to look for her, without conſidering what danger he thereby fruitleſsly expoſed himſelf to. Siripa, at the ſight of a man, who was the ſole object of all Miranda's affections, could no longer contain himſelf, but ordered him to be tied to a tree, and there ſhot to death with arrows.

His attendants were preparing to obey him, when Miranda, drowned in tears, threw herſelf at the tyrant's feet, to obtain the life of her huſband; and, ſuch is the power of paſſionate affection, it calmed the violent ſtorm, which it had a little before excited in the heart of a barbarian. Hurtado was unbound; he was even, ſometimes, permitted to ſee his wife. But the cacique, at the ſame time he thus indulged them, gave them, to underſtand, that they muſt not, on pain of death, attempt to go any further lengths. It is therefore probable, he only meant this indulgence as a ſnare to obtain a pretext for recalling the conditional reprieve he had granted to Hurtado, who ſoon ſupplied him with one. A few days after, Siripa's wife came to inform him, that Miranda was lain down with her huſband; the barbarian ran immediately to examine the truth of the report with his own eyes; and, in the firſt emotion of his paſſion, more to the ſatisfaction of his wife's jealouſy than his own, he condemned Miranda to the flames, and Hurtado to the kind of death he had but lately eſcaped. The ſentence was immediately executed, and this faithful pair expired in ſight of each other, full of ſentiments worthy of their virtues.

Printed and Publiſhed by
WILLIAM T. PALMER
No. 18, NORTH THIRD-STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.